VOL. 57 NO. 1460 OCTOBER 9 1909 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter Copyright 1909 by Leslie - Judge Company. Title Registered as a Trade Mark

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DISCOVERED

Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.
JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.
WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill*
James M. Lee, Managing Editor. Grant E. Hamilton, Art Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.00 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

The contents of JUDGE are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain.

CONTRIBUTORS must inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with all manuscripts, otherwise return of the latter when found unavailable cannot be guaranteed.

If JUDGE cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers will be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported on postal-card or by letter.

BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1908, 20 cents; 1907, 30 cents, etc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of JUDGE will reach any new subscriber.

PERSONAL.

JUDGE receives a good many bouquets and a few brickbats. Both are welcomed by the editor. One of the former was recently received from one of the largest advertisers in this country, Mr. C. W. Post, of "There's a Reason" fame. After saying some nice things about the front cover for JUDGE, September 25th, Mr. Post adds, "There is one thing you may be sure of—Americans are thinking more carefully year by year, and publishers who have the ability to carefully and judicially analyze public questions and place analyses before the readers will win hands down. Not only will they build a profitable, money-making enterprise, but have the added satisfaction of building character as well." JUDGE not only aims to amuse, but also seeks to give, by means of cartoons, careful analyses of the public questions of the day. The front cover to which Mr. Post refers should be carefully studied, as it clears up a good many vague points about the proposed income tax.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that American citizens should thoroughly understand the nature of this tax before they decide to change the Constitution of this country.

It's a long pole that has no discoverer.

AN UNDISPUTED CLAIM.
American Eagle—"My pole, anyway!"
—*London Punch.*

NORTHERN SNOWBALLS.

(THROWN BY OTHERS.)

IF DR. COOK has any left, he might give Peary a gum drop.—*Houston Chronicle.*

Dr. Cook continues to survey the jackpot with the unassuming confidence of a man who holds four aces before the draw.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

It remains to be learned, also, whether the public libraries will put the new polar books in the fiction department.—*New York Evening Mail.*

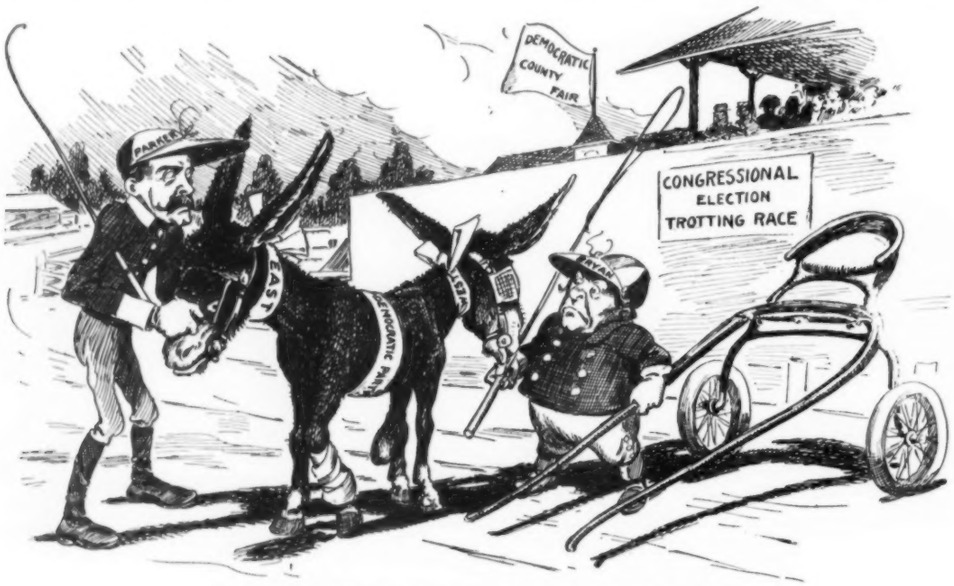
Both Cook and Peary will partake of the banquet first and submit proofs afterward. The wisest way.—*Indianapolis Star.*

Of course some allowance for environment will have to be made for heated language issuing from a ship named *Roosevelt.—New York World.*

The *Roosevelt*, with a speed of only five or six knots an hour, is not living up to the family reputation.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

There is glory enough for two, perhaps; but will there be lecture receipts enough for two?—*Chicago Tribune.*

When Peary telegraphed to a clipping agency to "clip all editorials, illustrations, cartoons and jokes on my work, and hold till further instructions," did he consider what the storehouse charges would be were the order literally complied with?—*Boston Transcript.*



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION—WHICH IS THE HEAD?

AT THE NORTH POLE.

Explorer—"Say, whereabouts is the North Pole, stranger?"

Stranger—"North Pole? Oh, it's been taken to New York to be identified."

TESTING HER.

"HOW WOULD you feel, Clarisse, if you and I were sailing down the stream of life together, far away from here?"

"How far, George?"

"Oh, far, far away!"

"I'd be so terribly homesick for mother!"

And from that night this young man ceased his visits.

WRONG NUMBER.

JUST after a severe electrical storm, a timid patron of a rural telephone system, aware that the telephones were not equipped with lightning arresters, called up central and asked,

"Can I talk with safety now?"

"There is no such person on the line," replied the new girl at central.

FROM AFRICA.

IT MAKES me very weary
When *I* think of Cook and Peary
Claiming any such distinction
As the finding of the Pole.
For many years ago,
In the zone of ice and snow,
It was *I* who first cast eyes upon
The upper Polar Goal.

For fear 'twould draw attention
To me, *I* did not mention
The fact that *I*'d discovered
Any part of it all.
But now when there 's a doubt
What explorers are about,
I must forsake my modesty,
And say *I* made the call. H. E. P.

ERA.

Stella—"Is she in her declining years?"

Bella—"No; her accepting ones."

HELP WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY BY A YOUNG MAN, thirty-two years old, who has fallen overboard from a fishing boat, and cannot swim. Drop a line at once, to C. O. D., off Sandy Hook

DOUBLE-POINTED.

"WOMEN have gained fame despite the men!" shouted the sharp-featured suffragette.

"Yes, for untold ages," replied the mere meek man.

KNEW HIS PROCLIVITIES.

"WON'T you step into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"Your *dining-room*, you'd better say,"
Replied the fly. "Not I!"

THE STRUGGLE

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

LAURETTE GAYLOR, IN "THE BURGOMASTER."

When the show at last is over,
And the stars above us beam,
We still praise your skillful acting,
It is held in such esteem.

BOYHOOD PHILOSOPHY.

"Say, Bill, let 's go fishin' after supper. These glow-worms ought to make great bait at night."

ANALYSIS.

THERE was once a young man who was paying court to three different beautiful damsels. Each was fair, each was sweet, each was charming—so much of a triplicate similarity did they have that he did not know how to choose between them. So he went to a wise old man and laid his troubles before him.

"Is there a clock at each house?" asked the wise old man.

"There is."

"And what does Esmeralda say when the clock strikes eleven?"

"She says the clock is slow."

"What does Eulalie say?"

"She says the clock is just right."

"And what does Evangeline say?"

"She always says the clock is fast."

"My son, there is no need for further evidence. Evangeline is the one that really loves you."

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

A WOMAN owns her own parasol, but a man's umbrella is common property.

NOTES FROM THE EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

MISS BEATRICE SPARERIB, the editor of "Hints to the Lovelorn," lost his corncob pipe one day this week while he was out having his whiskers trimmed. There is no clew, but Madam Gazazza, editor of the "Beauty Department," is under suspicion, as he is an inveterate smoker.

The religious editor, who was pinched last week while out joy-riding in another man's automobile, got off with a warning from the court; but, as it is his third offense, no leniency will be shown in the future.

The financial editor, who has recently been very busy predicting the stock market and advising those who have money to invest, lost his piano last week for non-payment of the installments, and his wife talks of starting suit for non-support.

The city editor got lost last Tuesday five blocks from the office and was located later by the police while studying a map of the city in a corner drug-store, trying to find his way back.

The sporting editor has been obliged to give up his Sunday-school class on account of ill health, and the society editor is covering the ball games and prize fights temporarily, in addition to his regular work.

Our culinary expert, Madam Uneeda, has been made defendant in a divorce proceeding brought by her husband, who claims that he is a victim of chronic indigestion contracted since his marriage.

Miss Euphemia de Coursey, editor of the "Mothers' Department," says he is tired of being a bachelor and hopes to scrape up an acquaintance with some marriage able young woman while on his vacation at Long Branch.

De Lancey Montgomery, the dramatic critic, who has been writing a series on his personal observations of the new plays now being produced in London, expects to be absent from the office for the first time in a year next Thursday, when he will enjoy his annual vacation at Coney Island.

We regret to announce that Professor Germ, the eminent specialist who has been conducting the "Health Department" of this paper for several years, is taking an extended course at a sanitarium for acute dyspepsia, but will contribute occasional articles on proper dieting.

ROY K. MOULTON.

FOILED.

Roger Throckmorton—"Now you are in my power. Marry me, or I shall throw you over the cliff!"

Beatrice Duck—"I fear you not. Yon water has no terrors for me!"

A COMPARISON.

FREDDIE'S got the whooping cough
And Willie's got the mumps,
Mary has the chicken-pox
And mother's in the dumps.

O' course we kids feel pretty sick—
Most sick enough to burst—
But I wouldn't be surprised a bit
If mother felt the worst.

ELLIS O. JONES.

THE WAIL OF THE UMBRELLA.

THE TWO HALVES; OR, THE WHOLE TRUTH WHY HENDRICK *SET* SAIL FOR AMERICA.

CONCERNING SPOONS.

THERE are spoons and spoons. The spoons herein referred to are not the spoons that dip up moonshine, music, love, and flowers. These spoons dip up spoon-victuals only and are constantly used by civilized people everywhere. However, like the other spoons, they are in everybody's mouth, especially if they are at a summer resort—the other spoons, that is.

Custom makes caviare of us all, and nobody seems to think about into how many different mouths the spoon has been which he confidingly puts into his own. Perhaps it makes no odds. Spoons have been used that way ever since they were invented, and everybody mouths the same spoon without a squeam. If one paused to contemplate a spoon ere he put it into his mouth, it might be that squeams would come; but one never does that. His thoughts are only upon what is in the spoon, and he knows that has not been in any other mouth. Of course boiling-hot dish-water will remove the stigma of the spoon, but the spoon remains unchanged.

We may boil, we may blister a spoon if we will,
But its past, unregarded, will cling to it still.

Possibly the time may come when scientific sanitation will demand a spoon which shall be used but once and thrown away, but that time will not come until the millions of ancestral silver spoons, which have been in millions of mouths millions of times through hundreds of years, shall be worn to tenuous uselessness in the mouths of posterity—the same old spoon that fed babyhood in the cradle and age on the brink of the grave.

W. J. LAMPTON.

THE CHIEF OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

MONEY is a man's best friend, yet it is always trying to get away from him.

AT LAST.

Old Earth—"What a relief to have that spot scratched. It 's been itching for fifty thousand years."

NOT ACCORDING TO WEBSTER.

A bad copper—A policeman who takes a bribe.

A mad bull—A broker who sees the market decline when he wants it to advance.

A polar star—The leading lady of an Esquimau operatic company.

A lyric note—A singer's "I. O. U."

A work of love—Kissing one's sister.

Stays of execution—A corset too tightly laced.

VANCE C. CRISS.

MATED.

THOSE BOOKS.

THERE are great books we all should read—
We know it, very well indeed;
That whole five feet I'll read myself,
As soon as I'm laid on the shelf.

HER INTERNATIONAL MENU.

This is what she had on Monday :	And this is what she had on Tuesday :
Breakfast—Spanish mackerel	
English muffins	
Brazilian coffee	
Luncheon—French chops	
Hungarian stew	
Swiss cheese	
Japanese tea cakes	American indigestion.
Dinner—Belgian hare	
Spanish beans	
Irish potatoes	
Vienna rolls	
French pastry	
After theater—Welsh rarebit	
German pickles	
Munich beer	

M. G. JONAS.

STICKS.

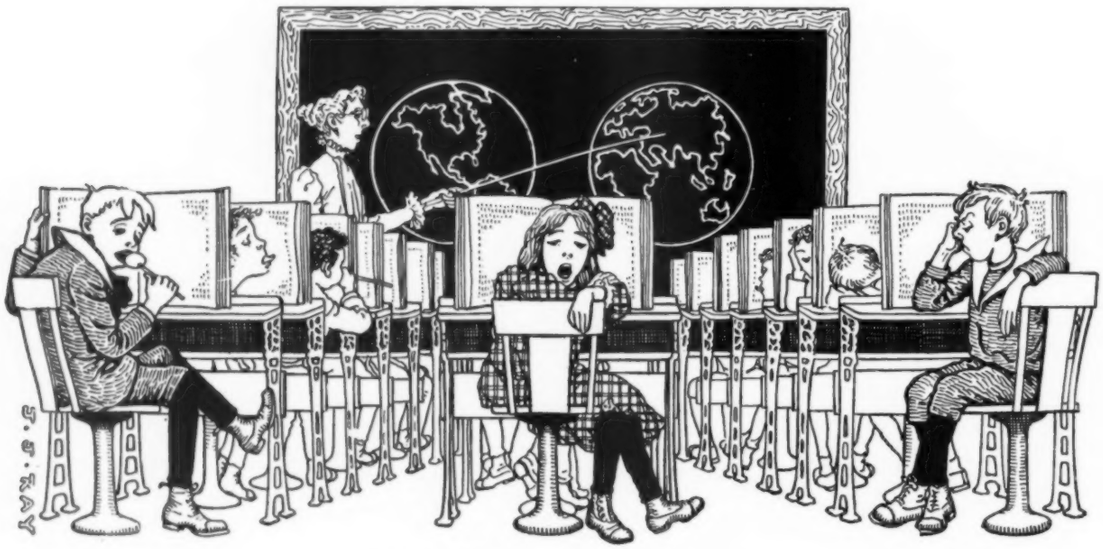
ALTHOUGH they wash the banknotes
All free from germs and stain,
The love-of-money microbe
Upon them will remain.

IT IS a question which is the greater chump—the fellow who wears his pants rolled up at the bottom when it isn't raining, or the fellow who leaves his rolled down and chews the edges off with his heels.

GOT WHAT SHE ADVERTISED FOR.

Mrs. Hi Lee Indignant—"Why, the very idea, Hortensia! You have dough spattered on everything in sight!"

Hortensia Hanrahan—"Shure, an' ut 's Oi thot knows ut. Didn't yez advertize fer a 'all-round pasthry cook'?"



THE "BORED" OF EDUCATION.

803711 B. C.

Oldest inhabitant—"Well, I declare! These modern methods of quick transportation are simply marvelous! The world is moving too fast for me nowadays!"

A MOMENT OF HORROR.

"WE ARE LOST!"

There was a sudden loud snap, as one of the rear wings of the huge aeroplane broke and the machine swerved sharply down toward the earth, only a few hundred feet away. In the near distance the great metropolis stretched out like a spreading, discordant giant.

The companion of the brave young aeronaut, who was steering, turned deathly pale as he shouted out the words. "Nothing can save us!" he muttered hoarsely.

As for the brave young aeronaut himself, he smiled.

"Have no fear," he whispered. "The rudder still works, and, although we've got to go down, I think I can still save our lives." At the same time he pointed toward a large object beneath them, toward which they were descending with the swiftness of an avalanche. Below them the crowd surged and shouted. Then there was a breathless silence.

"What did I tell you?" said the brave young aeronaut a moment later, as he emerged from the débris with a triumphant smile. "I knew that if the steering gear held out we would be all right."

For, with rare presence of mind, he had landed his machine on top of a woman's hat that was sailing up Fifth Avenue.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

EX-COLLEGIATE.

"WHERE, oh, where are the grave old seniors?"
Is a song we've often sung;
They are all office-boys at present,
Starting at the lowest rung.

THE HAZARD.

Bilkins—"I always hate to get shaved in a strange barber shop."

Badger—"Why?"

Bilkins—"So hard to tell from their looks which of the tonsorial artists are barbers and which are dentists."

WOMEN should read the ads. if they expect to get bargains in everything but husbands.

TIT FOR TAT.

Cholly—"Why are all the girls so sweet?"
Dolly—"Because all the men here are so generous with their taffy."

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., PUBLISHERS, FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

TRYING TO BRING

BRING IT TO LIFE

HE SPOKE TOO SOON.

1. *Percy*—"Ya-as, gave up automobiling. It was getting so beastly common. Why, even darkies went in for motoring. Now you won't find any blacks flying."

2. But just then he ran into the blackbirds' annual southern tour!

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT.

ONCE there was a North Pole.
A approached it,
B battled for it,
C coveted it,
D discovered it,
E explored it,
F found it,
G got it,
H hunted for it,
I invented it,
J juggled it,
K knew all about it,
L looked for it,
M measured it,
N novelized it,
O opined about it,
P prayed for it,
Q quarreled over it,
R reported it,
S stole it,
T took it,
U used it,
V vied for it,
W weighed it,
X xplained it,
Y yearned for it,
Z represents the unknown quantity, the North Pole, when they were all through.

E. O. JONES.

YOUNG couples, and elderly ones for that matter, should be wary about their movements in a rowboat. It 'll overturn just as easily as a hammock.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Silas Silvernail (looking for something up-to-date in hats)—"Say, bub, y' want t' be kinder keerful who y' be tryin' t' sell this hat to, understand? I wuzn't born yistiddee, see? An' I won't buy nothin' thet 's out ov style, neither! I 've jest come acrosst a stamp inside ov this hat thet sez, 'Fust prize, Paris, 1900,' an' es I figger it, I reckon it 's jest nine years behind th' fashion."

ALLOWANCES FOR YOUTH.

"Of course, I admit your son is extravagant. But you must make allowances—he 's young."
"That 's all right! But the more allowances I make the quicker he blows 'em."

COLLEGE STYLES.

THE LILIES of the field, you know,
Beat Solomon in all his glory;
But Solomon in college styles—
Well, that becomes another story!

THE COLLECTOR'S RETORT.

AFTER a long wait the crafty debtor glanced up from his desk.

"Have a chair," he said to the persistent dun collector, who stood near the door.

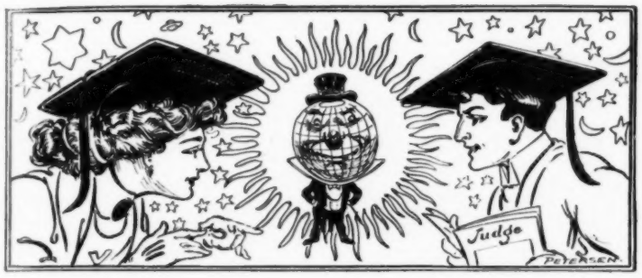
"I'm not tired," was the fierce retort; "but this bill is. It's been standing a long time now!"

SAFE.

THE BOY stood on the burning deck,
He did not shake with fright,
For his ship had a "wireless"
And he got off all right.

A JOKE is never the same after it has been once cracked.

CAP AND GOWN SMILES.



THE TWO ACCOUNTS.

(1.) AS IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

The scions of '11 passed the house. Percy obediently put out his light. A pounding at the door. Deathly silence. More pounding. "Open up, Freshie, or the lake for yours." "All right," very meekly, as the door opened and Percy emerged, the tell-tale under-the-bed dust very evident on his Olson and Veerhusen. Two little Sophs led forth our Percy, whose teeth were chattering and knees strangely weak for one so young.

"Look what we've got, fellows!" "Ah, put it back to bed!" "Lord! give it the bottle or it will bawl!" "Kiss it good-night." "Give it back to mother's waiting arms." "Say, me landlady has a cradle." "Let it go; 'tain't worth our time."

Such was the reception accorded our hero. The two little Sophs took Percy to the edge of the crowd, jarred the sitting room of his trousers with their Regals, and watched the dust fly.

"Carl Russell's twin brother, sure!"

(2.) AS HE WROTE IT TO HIS FAIRY.

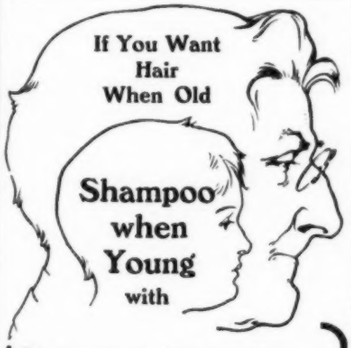
Dearest Eileen—Since our tender farewell my thoughts have oft been of thee, but most strongly last night, when I fought and struggled with all the man there is in me. And I chastised them severely. It all came about thusly:

I was quietly composing an "Ode to Autumn" when about fifty of those beastly Sophomores burst into my study and dragged me out into the street. Believe me, I struggled valiantly, and, had there been only twenty, would have vanquished them. Ah! you should have seen me as I stood alone and defied that mob of three thousand brutes.

I scornfully refused to submit to any indignities, and they decided that I should run the gantlet. That was my chance. I ran down that double line of savages, striking right and left, each blow felling one or more. I must have hit a hundred. Such consternation did I strew behind me that I reached home e'er they thought of pursuit.

Your dearest, Percy.

—*University of Wisconsin Sphinx.*



PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Its regular use keeps the scalp clean, antiseptic and well-ventilated, and brings refreshing stimulus to the underlying glands. These are prime essentials in the control of dandruff, growth of the hair and prevention of premature baldness. Our booklet, "Dandruff: its Causation and Control," free on request.

THE PACKER MFG CO.
Dept. 87 N. 81-83 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

AFFINITY.

I came, I saw, I pressed her hand,
  I begged her for a kiss.
She blushed, looked down, I stole the prize;
  It was a dream of bliss.

I've wakened from my dream since then;
  That kiss has cost me dear.
I'm paying alimony now
  For it twelve times a year.

—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

CHILDREN SHOWED IT.

EFFECT OF THEIR WARM DRINK IN THE MORNING.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes, and it tasted so flat that I was in despair, but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich, delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

AN HONOR STUDENT.

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because he is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

—*Red Hen.*

MYSTERY CLEARED.

"Why does that fellow have to jump in the air every time to get the ball?" asked the visitor at the game.

"I guess it's a Reach ball, sir," politely answered the stude.—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Gripped in hard rubber

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
Shaving Brushes
Ask the barber or your dealer

RUBBERSET CO. 50 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

"I never contradict my husband."
"You don't?"
"No, I don't have to—he's always contradicting *himself.*"

DURING THE SIREN YELL.

First laborer—"How do you like them college boys' cheers?"

Second ditto—"I got docked for an hour yesterday, taking it for the quit whistle."—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

EASIEST WAY.

Bill—"I never sleep at Sunday Chapel any more."

Jack—"Broken yourself of the habit?"

Bill—"No; quit goin'."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

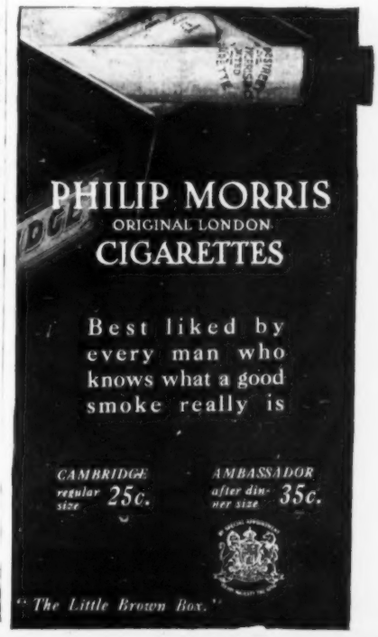
THE WONDER.

My skin is just
  Chuck full of me—
Meat, bones and juice
  Where none can see.
I wonder how
  They got me in
To fit so snugly
  In my skin.

—*University of California Pelican.*

HELPFUL ADVICE.

To be a successful burglar, one must have a constitution of steal.—*University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

EXHILARATES THE SPIRIT AND RESTORES THE TONE OF LANGUID NATURE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

JUDGE'S PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

Open to all, whether subscribers to JUDGE or not. There is no charge or consideration of any kind other than your ability to work out the six names and to write the very brief article mentioned.

Each of the first five pictures represents some article found in a barber shop. The sixth picture represents some product advertised in this issue of JUDGE. Can you name the five articles and tell us what the product is? If so, write these six names down and send them to us with a little description—not over two hundred words—about the things you like best to see in JUDGE. For your skill in solving the puzzles and in writing the article JUDGE will send $5 for the best reply received at this office before November 1st, 1909. To those sending the next five best replies with correct or nearest correct solutions $1 each will be paid. To those sending the next twenty best replies as above, a copy of James Montgomery Flagg's picture, "The Third Degree," will be sent free. To those who send in the next best twenty replies as above, a copy of George Reiter Brill's picture, "Don't You Hurt My Doggy," will be given.

The award of prizes in the Month Contest was published in the issue of JUDGE for October 2d.

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

4 .....

5 .....

6 .....

Send your reply to Puzzle Editor, Barber Contest

JUDGE

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

GREEN AND YELLOW

GREEN AND YELLOW

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bauer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

Indisputable Evidence of Quality—

50 Years of Popularity

1859 to 1909

Golden Jubilee of

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

The Magnificent New

Hoffman House

MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

Absolutely Fireproof

The finest type of modern hotel architecture in New York. Beautifully furnished. Comfort and luxurious ease.

Located in the very heart of New York, where all the life and fashion of the metropolis centre.

Room . . . . . $1.50 and $2.00
Room and Bath . . . . $2.50 and upward
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath . . . $5.00

Service and cuisine far famed for their excellence. Delightful music afternoon and evening.

Send for particulars and handsome booklet.

A. A. CADDAGAN
Managing Director

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER

Collars and Cuffs

"BARKER BRAND"

MADE OF LINEN

14 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 14 SIZES

A Rare Book of Humor

Is a bound volume of JUDGE. The best binder on the market is the one we are sending our subscribers for $1.25. This amount includes all charges for postage, etc. Address

THE LESLIE-JUDGE CO.
225 Fifth Avenue New York

FOUND UNDER "EVERYBODY'S" CHESTNUT TREE.

A REMARKABLE PREACHER.

A YOUNG preacher, who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D—— practicing what he preaches."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"Whare's old Four-fingered Pete?" asked Alkali Ike. "I ain't seen him around since I got back."

"Pete?" said the bartender. "Oh, he went up to Hyena Tongue and got jagged. Went up to a hotel winder, stuck his head in and hollered, 'Fire!' and everybody did."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"You never can tell," said a traveling salesman. "Now you'd think that a little New England village, chock full of church influence and higher education, would be just the place to sell a book like 'David Harum,' wouldn't you? Well, I know a man who took a stock up there and couldn't unload one of 'em. He'd have been stuck for fair if he hadn't had a brilliant idea and got the town printer to doctor up the title for him. As it was, he managed to unload the whole lot and get out of town before the first purchaser discovered that 'David's Harum' wasn't quite what he had led himself to suppose."

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

About the heaviest expense to the woman who goes shopping is for car fare and luncheon.

VARIETY.

Boatman—"No, there ain't much to do 'ere except bathe. But some folks, when they gets tired o' bathin' from this side of the breakwater, they bathes from t'other." —*London Punch.*

WALNUTS AND WINE FROM "LIPPINCOTT'S" TABLE.

GOOD AT FRACTIONS.

The teacher was giving her class their first lesson in fractions. An object lesson seemed to be desirable.

"Mary McCauley," she said, "if there was a mince pie on your dinner table, and your mother asked you if you would have a third or a fourth, what would you say?"

"A fourth," said Mary.

Some of the children tittered, and the teacher asked, "Why would you have a fourth?"

"'Cause," said Mary, "I don't like mince pie."

YOUNG BLADES AND OTHERS.

Young Willie Jones was a terrible lad,
And Johnny Brown was nearly as bad,
While the awful things Hy Green would do
Turned the parson's words to a warmer hue—
The village cut-ups were they.

Now William Jones has a butcher shop,
And John E. Brown wields a blade and strop,
While Green, M. D., is the man who sees
To taking away our appendices—
The village cut-ups are they!

AN ACCOMMODATING BOY.

A Newark woman who lives in an apartment house changed her ice man not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the team for the new man put the piece of ice on the dumbwaiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "That new ice man certainly gives good weight!"

After much effort she got the dumbwaiter up to the kitchen level. To her amazement, there was a small boy sitting upon the ice. With what little breath she had left, she demanded,

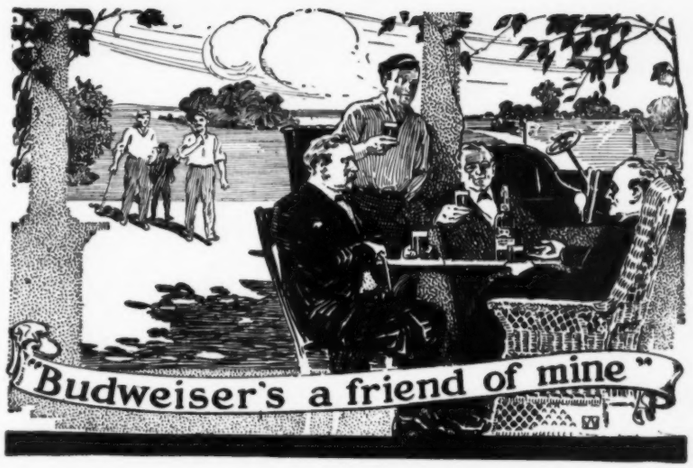
"What in the world did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the youngster, "I thought maybe the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

RAPID CHANGE.

He started out to paint the town
A brilliant crimson hue;
But, strange to say, to him next day
The same old town looked blue.



Lovers of Outdoor Sports

refresh themselves with the world's best brew of northern barley and fragrant Saazer hops. An enthusiastic toast to the athletic victor stirs the heart most when downed in a bumper of healthful

Budweiser

The King of All Bottled Beers
The Most Wholesome of All Beverages.

Every drop bubbles with the power of the soil and sun. It is the cream of the best cereal the earth produces. It has brought health and vital energy to thousands and it will do the same for you.

CAUTION: To guard against deception and substitution, see that the corks are branded "BUDWEISER" and that the "Crown Caps" bear the A and Eagle trade-mark.

Bottled Only at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, U. S. A.
CORKED or with CROWN CAPS

BUDWEISER is served at all *first class Hotels, Clubs* and Cafes throughout the world.

Enjoy a Personally Conducted Tour by—

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

If You Haven't Read
Nervy Nat's Adventures

you've missed a good share of life's fun. He insists upon getting into scrapes. Can't help himself. And you're glad he can't, for it's a pile of fun to watch his maneuvers. He laughs his way into your affections by his colossal nerve.

85c
Postpaid

Leslie-Judge Company
225 Fifth Ave., New York

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy **Chiclets** in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with **Chiclets.**

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use CLUB COCKTAILS you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.

They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford
New York
London

THE REASON WHY.

"Why did you let him kiss you?"

"Well, he seemed to like it, and I was sure there was something wrong about it."—*Ex.*

Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name MIDY. *Beware of counterfeits.* Sold by all druggists.

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 West 26th Street, New York.

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

FREE SAMPLE. P. O. BOX 112, CHICAGO, ILL.

CAP AND GOWN.

BALLADE OF THE FENCE.

When all through the campus there breathes the spring,
And the old elm trees their new garb wear,
Out on the fence in an armlocked string,
Our faces alight with the sun's last glare,
We sway to the lilt of a haunting air,
Forgetful of care and consequence,
In the heartful swell of the chorus fair—
The old, old songs we sing on the fence.

Brothers all, linked with a secret ring,
Sworn by an oath that none heard us swear,
Moved by the thrill of the mystical swing,
Till all in the hidden spirit share.
Building a musical golden stair
To the utmost heights of reverence,
Powerless to sneer or aught impair
The old, old songs we sing on the fence.

The tunes in our fathers' minds still cling—
Impregnably imbedded there—
A host of memories sweet they bring,
And the rusty, forgetting brain insnare.
Gray heads sway to the lilt of the air,
Oblivious to care and consequence,
In the heartful sway of the chorus fair—
The old, old songs *they* sang on the fence.

L'ENVOI.

Grad, in thy moments of dull despair,
Partake of Yale's munificence;
Hark to the echo debonair—
The old, old songs *you* sang on the fence.—*Yale Record.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

A REFLECTION.

"So men must be the weaker sex. Else why do they fear to get married?"
—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

HER DESTINATION.

The uninspired idiot was descanting on the race-suicide situation "Those," he declared with conviction, "who do not marry in this world will be married in the next."

"But," interposed the bachelor girl who had once refused him, "in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

"I know it," replied the idiot, seeking a toothpick and withdrawing hastily.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

TO A FAIR CO-ED.

She in youth had oft been told,
"You are a matchless maid."
And now, hard luck! she's growing old,
And MATCHLESS still, 'tis said.
—*Williams Purple Cow.*

BROMO-SELTZER

CURES HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & $1.00 Bottles.

A DIVISION OF LABOR.

District visitor—"Good morning, Mrs. Perkins. I hope you are coming to the Unionist Association Garden Party at Sir Archibald's this afternoon, to hear our candidate speak?"

Mrs. Perkins—"Well, no; you see, mum, my neighbor, Mrs. 'Opkins, she belongs to that, so I joined the Liberal Government, so we can look arter one another's babies while t'other's at meetings."
—*London Punch.*

Yes, friend,

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

Is the Finest BEER Ever Brewed

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet. Insist on "Blatz"

Correspondence Invited direct

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."

The new "I-T" is a *high-grade*, 7-jewel watch built in a new factory by the makers of the Dollar Watch.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The Best 7-Jewel Watch

Though of entirely different construction from the Dollar Ingersoll, it is just as remarkable a value. It is the *only* popular-priced watch having a bridge-model movement. Has every scientific feature of the most expensive watches. Extremely accurate, handsome and will wear 20 years. Positively guaranteed.

$5 in solid nickel case, $7 in 10-yr. gold-filled case, $9 in 20-yr. gold-filled case

Sold by *responsible* jewelers everywhere or prepaid by us. Insist on seeing it before buying. See large magazine advertisements or send for booklet "E."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
19 Frankel Building,
New York

Note "I-T" monogram on dial.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE CACTUS EXHIBITION.

1. "One ticket, please."

2. "Very rare, according to the catalogue. I wonder whether they are odoriferous?"

3. "No, they are not."
—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Stories About People.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

PURE MILK.

NATHAN STRAUS, discussing the absurd difficulties that confront sanitists in their endeavor to pass laws compelling the pasteurization of milk, said,

"The legislators who oppose this law bring forward arguments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman.

"A lady, summering in Maine, said to her milkman severely,

"'Look here! this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?'

"'Madam,' said the milk manufacturer, with reproachful dignity, 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

"JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY."

A clerk in the executive offices of the State of Minnesota entertained an almost idolatrous admiration of the late Governor Johnson.

Some time ago a dictionary in the office, in need of repair, was sent to the State bindery. When it was returned, the clerk mentioned unwrapped the volume and was about to place it on its accustomed shelf. Looking at the lettering on the cover, he exclaimed,

"Look here! This is the grossest disrespect! The binder hasn't put anything on the cover but 'Johnson's Dictionary.' Take it back and make him inscribe it 'Property of his excellency, John Johnson, Governor of Minnesota.'"

THE GOOD TIMES ARE COMING.

Oh, the good times are comin', no matter what they say;
You kin hear 'em hummin', hummin', for a hundred miles away.
They're a-sailin' through the summer an' a-fightin' through the freeze;
A-ridin' down the rivers an' a-blowin' in the breeze!

Comin'
A-hummin'—
Like a regiment a-drummin';
Lane has got a-turnin',
Buttermilk's a-churnin',
So keep your lamps a-burnin'
Till the good times come!

Oh, the good times are comin'; you can see 'em on the run,
A-twinklin' in the dewdrops an' a-shinin' in the sun!
A-dumpin' over the daisies an' babblin' in the brook,
An' lookin' at a fellow like his sweetheart use to look!

Comin'
A-hummin'—
Like a regiment a-drummin';
Lane has got a-turnin',
Buttermilk's a-churnin',
So keep your lamps a-burnin'
Till the good times come!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

A lady in Virginia, who in her early days had been surrounded by luxury and had had many slave attendants, was in later life much amused by a colored waitress anxious to be pleasant.

The latter, who prided herself on never failing to discern "quality" from "pore white trash," feelingly remarked, "You could tell, Mrs. Blank, that you had been accustomed to associating with colored folks all your life!"—*Red Hen.*

IVER JOHNSON

TRADE MARK IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic
REVOLVER

is not a revolver for *you* to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that *we* have made *permanently* and *automatically* safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3 in. barrel; or .38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel $6

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or .38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel $7

Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost.

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 153 River St. Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4
San Francisco: Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

VERY LIKELY.

THE depot of Meridian, Tex., is about a mile from the business part of the town. One night a sleepy, weary traveling man said to the darky who was driving him to the hotel,

"Old man, why in the name of heaven did they put this depot so far from town?"

The darky scratched his head in thought and replied,

"Wa-al, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation; but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis, I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."

Guy de Maupassant

This is the original American and English copyrighted, COMPLETE Edition, absolutely unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by **Paul Bourget,** of the French Academy.

TALES OF REALISM—RARE ORIENTAL AND PARISIAN STUDIES

De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis.

Robust in imagination and fired with natural passion his psychological curiosity kept him true to human nature, while at the same time his mental eye, when fixed upon the most ordinary phases of human conduct, could see some new motive or aspect of things hitherto unnoticed by the careless crowd.

His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

These marvelous, quaint, delicious stories should be a part of every library. Here are given tales of travel and adventure, of mystery and dread, of strange medical experiences, of love and lust, of comedy and pathos that hover upon the borders of comedy, and of tragedy.

MORE REALISTIC THAN BALZAC. MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

327 Stories. Nearly 6000 Pages.
Actual Size 8x5½.

Seventeen Beautiful Volumes of Delightful Reading

consisting of over 5,500 pages, printed from a new cast of French Elzevir type—elegant and clear—on pure white antique egg-shell finished paper, made especially for this edition. Pages have deckle edges and liberal margins. There are 30 illustrations from original drawings. The books are exquisitely bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth, with distinctive brown and gold title label, silk headbands and gold tops.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer or raise the price without notice.

OUR GUARANTEE: Only one complete edition has ever been published in English, and the prices have been beyond the reach of but a few. After many months of ceaseless endeavor, we succeeded in securing the right to publish a limited number of sets, and offer them for introductory purposes only, at the remarkably low price of **$24.00** a set, on small monthly installments. A strictly subscription set—$51.00 value. Thus it is within the means of all. We have also arranged to send these beautiful books, *all express charges prepaid,* and allow you the privilege of *ten days examination.* If they are not as represented or unsatisfactory, *return them at our expense. CAN ANY OFFER BE MORE FAIR?*

COUPON SAVES 50%. You run no risk — MAIL IT NOW.

THE WERNER COMPANY, Akron, O.

The Werner Co
Akron, O.
Please send me, charges prepaid, for examination, the complete works of **Guy de Maupassant** in seventeen (17) Volumes, bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth. If satisfactory, I will remit you $2.00 at once and $2.00 per month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfactory I will advise you within ten days. 15

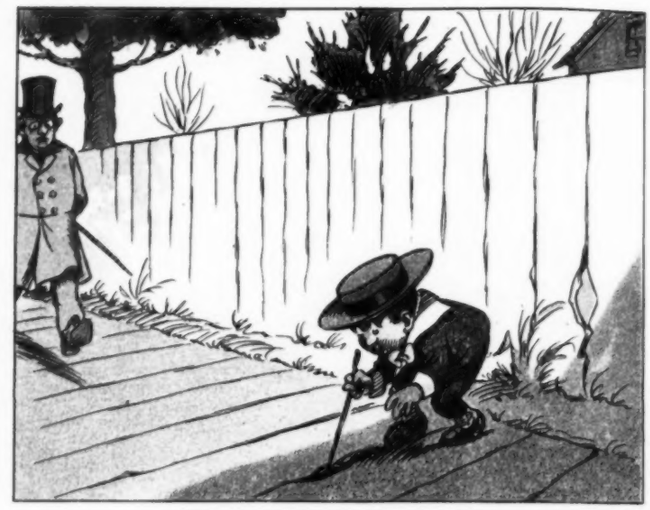
Signature.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Judge 10-9-'09

Judge

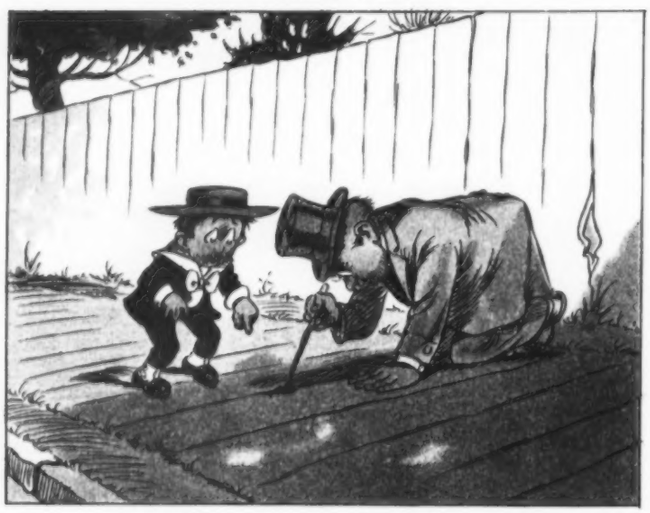
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TAFFY 'POSSUMS.

A KINDLY STRANGER COMES TO GRIEF WHILE HASTING TO POOR JOHN'S RELIEF.

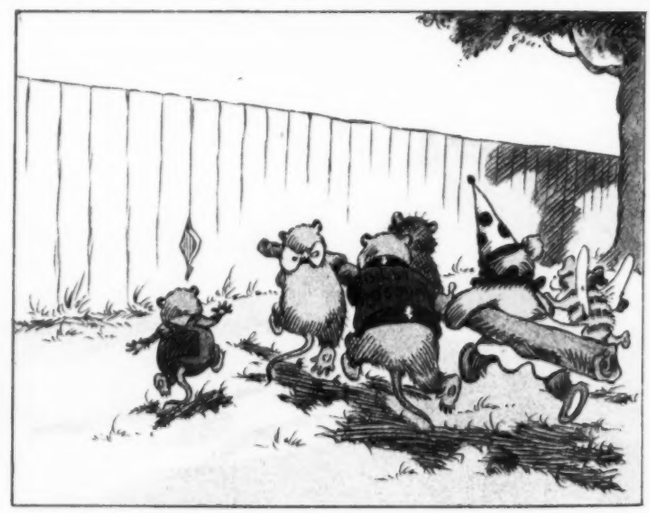
1. John dropped a penny through the boards,
A sight which merriment affords
To 'possums hiding in a row
To jeer his efforts down below.



2. They see a fence-hole near the boy,
And plan him further to annoy
By poking at him from behind—
They run away a stick to find.



3. While they are gone a friendly stranger,
Not knowing the approaching danger,
Kneels down himself before the hole,
To help poor John, the kindly soul!



4. And now behold the 'possum band
Come running back, their stick in hand.
They poke it through the hole with zeal,
And laugh to think how Johnny 'll feel.

5. Instead, the stranger, kneeling bent,
To carry out his kind intent,
Receives the blow and tumbles on
His head, to the alarm of John.

6. But in a moment up he springs,
And leaps the fence as if on wings.
With anger fierce he grabs the stick,
And seeks those 'possums mighty quick.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY JOHN A. SLEICHER, PRESIDENT, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.